2: Howell M-5 (ca. 1908)1908-1910
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No. XXV.—*Tugong* or *Tugong bula*.

By Revd. Wm. Howell.

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This is an excellent custom of the Sea Dyaks to punish a notorious liar, by heaping up rubbish, pieces of sticks, and leaves to his memory. This *tugong* or heap of rubbish is piled up on the side of the main road, at the resting place of travellers, in order that every person that passes and rests may contribute to it. This custom has been handed down from their forefathers, and it is considered to be an ignominy to the person that does not contribute to it. In fact, it is also believed that supernatural displeasure will visit the person that passes the *tugong* unnoticed. With an utterance of execration the traveller makes his contribution.

When the Government opened up the Sabu and Simanggang road, there was for some little time a great trouble caused by doing away with a *tugong* alongside the road there, the road being for general traffic, and every time the *tugong* was burnt up it was renewed again. The locality up to the present day is called *munggu tugong* or the piled up hill. Although the *tugong* is done away with now, yet the memory of it lives and the spot exists, and everybody that passes it contributes his execrations to the condemned liar.

A *tugong* still exists at Tanah Genting in the Ulu Undup.

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7:Gomes M-5 (ca. 1890)1911 OC6 Iban OC6

789 grow dim as the years go on, and may there be no one to help her or lead her about when she is blind."

I have only given the substance of what she said ; but I shall never forget the silence and the awed faces of those who heard her. I left the house early next morning, so I do not know what was the result of her curse—whether the thief confessed or not.

577 The children are just as honest as their elders. A missionary used to visit certain stations once a quarter. At one of the stations he had a small native hut built for his accommodation. On one occasion some small Dyak boys came to him with three cents (less than one penny in value), which they said they wished to return to him. They had picked them up under the floor of his hut. They thought they had fallen through the open floor, and belonged to the missionary, and, as a matter of course, they wished to return the money to the owner. I have never had occasion to punish any of the schoolboys living in my house for theft. They had access to everything there was, but, though they had no scruples about asking for things, they never stole anything.

577 211 626 The Dyaks are also very truthful. So disgraceful indeed do the Dyaks consider the deceiving of others by an untruth that such conduct is handed down to posterity by a curious custom. They heap up a pile of the branches of trees in memory of the man who has uttered a great lie, so that future generations may know of his wickedness and take warning from it. The persons deceived start the *tugong bula*—" the liar's mound "—by heaping up a large number of branches in some conspicuous spot by the side of the path from one village to another. Every passer-by contributes to it, and at the same time curses the man in memory of whom it is.

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The Dyaks consider the adding to any *tugong bula* they may pass a sacred duty, the omission of which will meet with supernatural punishment, and so, however pressed for time a Dyak may be, he stops to throw on the pile some branches or twigs.

A few branches, a few dry twigs and leaves—that is what the *tugong bula* is at first. But day by day it increases in size. Every passer-by adds something to it, and in a few years' time it becomes an imposing memorial of one who was a liar. Once started, there seems to be no means of destroying a *tugong bula*. There used to be one by the side of the path between Seratok and Sebetan. As the branches and twigs that composed it often came over the path, on a hot day in the dry weather I have more than once applied a match to it and burnt it down. In a very short time a new heap of branches and twigs was piled on the ashes of the old *tugong bula*.

It has often been remarked by Dyaks that any other punishment would, if a man had his choice, be much preferred to having a *tugong bula* put up in his memory. Other punishments are soon forgotten, but this remains as a testimony to a man's untruthfulness for succeeding generations to witness, and is a standing disgrace to his children's children. Believing, as the Dyaks do, in the efficacy of curses, it is easy to understand how a Dyak would dread the accumulation of curses which would necessarily accompany the formation of a *tugong bula*.

The Dyaks are very hospitable. They are always ready to receive and entertain strangers. A man travelling on foot through the Dyak country need never trouble about food. He would be fed at the Dyak houses he passed on his journey, as part of their crops is reserved